

Sing Posts to Success

Opportunity Is Always Here.

By Herbert Kaufman

Opportunity grows greater as the world ages. It is made of time. It increases with every clock-tick. Each hour brings a new hope.

Your due is measured by what you do. You can't fail if you don't quail.

You may have sprung from the loins of poverty—you may have teathed on a golden ring—we don't care how you start. The record isn't made until your finish.

What you were is yesterday. We don't judge beginnings.

Growth means change. The acorn that drops from the stunted oak may fall on a cleared space, land upon rich soil, live in the full flood of sunlight and tower to the skies.

Any hour may bring you power.

What if you have lost? What if you were rebuffed? You must take as well as give blows. Life is a sandwich, with trials between its smiles.

Nothing's the matter with the world. Nothing has disappeared from the earth. Everything that existed at its creation is still on hand in some form—altered, hidden or undiscovered, but within the reach of tenacity and sagacity.

Accept the past—you can't help yourself—yesterday belongs to the gods. The future alone is yours. Don't regret, but re-get.

The sea gnashes the cliffs into sand, but the sand is still upon the shore. Evolution means alteration; therefore, new problems to be dealt with, new labors to be undertaken.

The form of work alters, but the degree of labor never lessens. There is always more to do than a single life-span can ever complete.

Science and invention, the twin scouts of industry, are con-

stantly searching, perpetually conniving, ceaselessly experimenting, ever proclaiming discovery, eternally demanding the skill of fingers and the will of brains.

Means of livelihood can't be abolished, merely diverted.

For every hand-loom that progress destroyed, a thousand power machines have sprung to take their place.

Where the post rider galloped across the prairies, a hundred mail cars rock through the night. The coachman becomes chauffeur, the hostler seeks the garage.

If advancement has hurt you it is because you would not advance with the times. The earth must keep turning round. If you won't turn with it, you must lose your turn.

You can't determine where or how you will end so long as you are determined to the end.

Success and failure live side by side in your own heart.

Learn the message of the day: Sunrise has followed the dark since the birth of the planets.

Keep watchful. Your chance is sure to come. No two hours are ever quite the same. Stand ready to take advantage of each opening for your ability.

One billion minds and one billion pairs of hands are at work every second altering the universe. Have faith.

Blind Milton wrote the noblest poems of the ages.

Stuttering Demosthenes became the greatest orator in Hellas.

Log cabin Lincoln achieved the presidency.

Train-boy Edison became the master inventor of history.

They tried—they dared—their dreams reached to the stars. They walked alone—they worked alone—relied upon themselves, and traded every golden minute in the purse of time for betterment.

CHERISHED BY QUEENS, PRESIDENT FALLIERES SHOWERS FAVORS UPON THEM

Special Correspondence of The Star.

PARIS, June 15, 1911. PRESIDENT FALLIERES is not a man of simple tastes. He loves simplicity. He entertains the least possible, on the very edge of the protocol.

The ceremonies in which he willingly takes part, all over France, and regularly in banquets or lunches among men.

He is stout, heavy, inactive, excessively good and kindly, but enamored of his ease. His ideal is four guests, the luscious south of France cookery, and unbutton your collar at the third course.

Yet President Fallieres makes one social exception.

He likes queens.

He cannot resist young queens. Every few months he gives way to temptation—he simply must pay a visit to one or else have her come to Paris.

Just now it is Queen Wilhelmina of Holland; but late this spring he visited Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians, and, in between, he received Queen Louise of Denmark.

Shortly after the British coronation

of warm, bright-colored stuff must hang on the walls of every room for warmth, dryness, comfort and beauty.

And so today, when tapestries have become the wall decoration only of the rich or cultivated or pretentious, the modern Gobelin—though a state works—make for private parties who can pay great prices or sell certain choice of stock on hand at prices sensibly less. In spite of this, however, and as in old times, the Gobelin work most for the French state, making

is an exquisite creature. Wilhelmina of Holland is royally handsome. Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians is beautiful, while Queen Elena of Italy completes a four-of-a-kind which the earnest Briand recently declared ought to beat four aces.

M. Fallieres had been asking his advice.

"Go ahead," said Briand. Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians is a Bavarian belle of such laughing blond charms that the president, taking tea with her at Laeken, found himself utterly without defense.

He had brought his package with him, a "vintage" which the empress had admired. That original he had no right to give, even to a tartine. This is not so much because of its value, a single modern copy might cost \$50,000—but for patriotic, sentimental and artistic reasons. The French state must keep its ancient originals.

Yet Felix Faure packed the original to St. Petersburg, and a copy now takes its place in the state furniture lists. It made a great stir at the time, but the tartine did not, obviously, read the papers—she never sent the precious antique back.

Such are the royal traditions inherited by the French republic. The old kings interested themselves in certain splendid manufactures, of tapestry, furniture, cut glass and porcelain. The most famous that survive to modern times are at Sevres and "the Gobelins."

At the Gobelins they originally made all kinds of precious furniture for the royal palaces and chateaux. The Gobelin family, who gave their name to the quarter of Paris, had nothing to do with it; they actually became immortal through tapestry without having ever woven a square inch of it! They were simply dyers, and having, after three generations, made a fortune, they bought the factory and united in it all his royal tapestry workers, previously scattered about Paris, added dyers, artists, joiners, cabinet makers, painters, carvers, founders, etc., under the title of Royal Manufacture of Crown Furniture, and the particular direction of two such famous artists as Ch. Lebrun and Mignard.

Sevres was built up in the same way by King Louis XV, from the scattered royal porcelain makers of St. Cloud and Vincennes.

The royal furniture making soon ceased. The royal glassware had ceased under Louis XIII. But Gobelins (tapestries and tapestries) remained the royal and national products of world renown, growing ever more famous through revolution, repudiate tapestry works. In old days even small, well furnished houses needed tapestries. Plaster was unknown, wall paper non-existent, and some kind

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